THE

GHOST.

[Price Half a Crown.]

Churchill (Charles) the Poet
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1490. de. 8.

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BY

C. CHURCHILL.

The THIRD EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

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Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by W. FLEXNEY,
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BOOK I.

WITH eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
Curiouſly vain, from Pole to Pole,
And from the Planets wandring ſpheres
T'extort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Serenely ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune ſhall deform
Our life, with one continual ſtorm;
Or if the Scene ſhall motly be,
Alternate Joy and Miſery,
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All Men muſt feel, tho' few confeſs.

Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the Sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the Stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble Science was CHALDEAN.
That antient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the Mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the Stars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſuck'd in Aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above;
And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the Stars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.

To

To EGYPT from CHALDEE it travell'd,
And Fate at MEMPHIS was unravell'd,
Th'exotic Science ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned Prieſt, O ſtrange to tell!
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell;
Could read and write, and taught the Nation
The holy art of Divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the Prieſt,
And propheſie as much at leaſt.
Hence all the fortune-telling Crew,
Whoſe crafty ſkill mars Nature's hue,
Who in vile tatters, with ſmirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' deſires,
From BAMPFIELD CAREW, to MOLL SQUIRES,
Are rightly term'd EGYPTIANS all;
Whom we, miſtaking, GYPSIES call.

The GRECIAN Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other Sciences,

From fertile EGYPT, tho' the loan
They had not honeſty to own.
DODONA's Oaks, inſpir'd by JOVE,
A learned and prophetic Grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their anſwers;
At DELPHOS, to APOLLO dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each ſubtle Prieſt on three-legg'd ſtool,
To take in wiſe men, play'd the fool.
A Myſtery, ſo made for gain,
E'en now in faſhion muſt remain.
Enthuſiaſts never will let drop
What brings ſuch buſineſs to their ſhop,
And that Great Saint, we WHITFIELD call,
Keeps up the HUMBUG SPIRITUAL.

Among the ROMANS, not a Bird,
Without a Prophecy, was heard;
Fortunes of Empires often hung
On the Magician Magpye's tongue,
And ev'ry Crow was to the State
A ſure interpreter of Fate.

Prophets,

Prophets, embodied in a College,
(Time out of mind your ſeat of knowledge,
For Genius never fruit can bear
Unleſs it firſt is planted there,
And ſolid Learning never falls
Without the verge of College walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was beſt to watch or ſleep,
To eat or drink, to go or ſtay,
And when to fight or run away,
When matters were for action ripe
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When Emperors would live or die
They in an *Aſs's ſcull* could ſpy,
When Gen'rals would their ſtation keep
Or turn their backs, *in hearts* of *ſheep*.
In matters, whether ſmall or great,
In private families or ſtate,
As amongſt us, the holy Seer
Officiouſly would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend ſkill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Juſt as it ſerv'd his private ends.

Whether in honeſt way of trade
Traps for Virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Deſigns were form'd againſt the State,
Regardleſs of the Common Weal,
By Int'reſt led which they call zeal,
Into the ſcale was always thrown,
The will of Heav'n to back *their own*.

England, a happy land we know,
Where Follies naturally grow,
Where without Culture they ariſe,
And tow'r above the common ſize;
England, a fortune-telling hoſt,
As num'rous as the Stars could boaſt,
Matrons, who toſs the Cup, and ſee
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea,
Who vers'd in ev'ry modeſt lore,
Can a loſt Maidenhead reſtore,
Or if their Pupils rather chuſe it
Can ſhew the readieſt way to loſe it;
Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor,

Who charms 'gainſt Love and Agues ſell,
Who can in hen-rooſt ſet a ſpell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them beſt known,
To catch all feet except their own,
Who as to Fortune can unlock it,
As eaſily as pick a pocket;
SCOTCHMEN, who in their Country's right,
Poſſeſs the gift of *ſecond-ſight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lyes prophetic heap up riches,
And boaſt the luxury of breeches.

Among the reſt, in former years,
CAMPBELL, illuſtrious name, appears,
Great Hero of futurity,
Who *blind* could ev'ry thing *foreſee*,
Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *foretell*,
Who, Fate with equity to ſell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven,
According to what price was given.

Of SCOTISH race, in HIGHLANDS born,
Poſſeſs'd with native pride and ſcorn,
He hither came, by cuſtom led,
To curſe the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth, and want of ſenſe,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A *ſuccedaneum*, which we find,
In common uſe with all mankind,)
Careſs'd and favour'd too by thoſe,
Whoſe heart with Patriot feelings glows,
Who FOOLISHLY, where'er diſpers'd,
Still place their native Country firſt;
(For ENGLISHMEN alone have ſenſe,
To give a *ſtranger* preference,
Whilſt modeſt merit of their own,
Is left in poverty to groan)
CAMPBELL foretold, juſt what he wou'd,
And left the Stars to make it good;
On whom he had impreſs'd ſuch awe,
His dictates current paſs'd for LAW;
Submiſſive all his Empire own'd;
No Star durſt ſmile, when CAMPBELL frown'd.

This

This Sage deceas'd, for all muſt die,
And CAMPBELL's no more ſafe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death ſhall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the ſpheres,
Another and *Another* came,
Of equal ſkill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wiſe each frown,
In ev'ry thing ſo like, you'd ſwear,
CAMPBELL himſelf was ſitting there.
To *all* the happy Art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own.*

Seated in Garret, for you know,
The nearer to the Stars we go,
The greater we eſteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.
The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
And thoſe who could not walk, were carried.

The BUTLER, hanging down his head,
By *Chamber-Maid*, or *Cook-Maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd ſpoon.

The COURT-BRED WOMAN OF CONDITION,
(Who, to approve her diſpoſition,
As much ſuperior, as her birth,
To thoſe compos'd of common earth,
With double ſpirit muſt engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the Cards, and cog a Die.

The HERO (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongſt the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might ſome thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to gueſs
At his employment by his dreſs,
Put medicines off from cart or ſtage,
The grand TOSCANO of the age,
Or might about the countries go
High ſteward of a Puppet-ſhew,

Steward

Steward and ſtewardſhip moſt meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought, (tho', ſave the mark,
That point is ſomething in the dark)
The Man of Honour, one like thoſe
Renown'd in ſtory, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for ſport, from morn to night;
Who treads like MAVORS firm, whoſe tongue,
Is with the triple thunder hung,
Who cries to FEAR —ſtand off— aloof —
And talks as he were cannon-proof,
Would be deem'd ready, when you liſt,
With ſword and piſtol, ſtick and fiſt,
Careleſs of points, balls, bruiſes, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the ſame time bears about,
Within himſelf, ſome touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints — that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly underſtood
By all to be a real good;
That, even in a *Hero's* heart,
Diſcretion is the better part;

That

That this ſame HONOUR may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like DRUGGER comes, that magic pow'rs
May aſcertain his *lucky* hours.
For at ſome hours the fickle dame,
Whom FORTUNE properly we name,
Who ne'er conſiders wrong or right,
When wanted moſt, plays leaſt in ſight,
And, like a modern *Court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into ſome other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear uſurps the vacant ſeat;
Whence *planet-ſtruck* we often find,
The ——, and SACKVILLES of mankind.

Farther he'd know (and by his art
A conjurer can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a ſecond,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;

Whether

Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full ſtomachs mad;
Whether before he ſeeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle ſalivation,
Conſiſtently with reputation,
Might not of precious uſe be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the conſequence
Which oftentimes ariſes thence,
Thoſe fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of ſurgeon;
Whether a wind at eaſt or weſt
Is for green wounds accounted beſt;
Whether (was he to chuſe) his mouth
Should point towards the north or ſouth;
Whether more ſafely he might uſe,
On theſe occaſions, pumps or ſhoes;
Whether it better is to fight,
By *Sun-ſhine*, or by *Candle-light*;
Or (leaſt a *candle* ſhould appear
Too mean to ſhine in ſuch a ſphere,
For who could of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,

And leaſt the *Sun* ſhould partial riſe
To dazzle one or t'other's eyes,
Or one or t'other's brains to ſcorch)
Might not *Dame* LUNA hold a torch?

Theſe points with dignity diſcuſs'd,
And gravely fix'd, a taſk which muſt
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *Man of War* would next engage
The kind aſſiſtance of the ſage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which ſhould make theſe of none effect.

Could he not, from the myſtic ſchool
Of art, produce ſome ſacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to thoſe who would not fight?

Or could he not, ſome way diſpenſe,
By help of which (without offence

To *Honour*, whoſe nice nature's ſuch,
She ſcarce endures the ſlighteſt touch)
When he, for want of t'other rule
Miſtakes his man, and, like a fool,
With ſome vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?

Or, ſhould ſome Dæmon lay a ſcheme
To drive him to the laſt extreme,
So that he muſt confeſs his fears,
In mercy to his noſe and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not ſome expedient buy
To keep his ſhame from public eye?
For well he held, and, men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That HONOUR's like a *Maiden-head*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worſe, but walks the town,
Ne'er loſt, until the loſs be known.

The PARSON too (for now and then,
PARSONS are juſt like other men,

And

And here and there a *grave* DIVINE
Has paſſions ſuch as your's and mine)
Burning with *holy* luſt to know
When FATE Preferment will beſtow,
'Fraid of detection, not of ſin,
With circumſpection ſneaking in
To *Conj'rer*, as he does to *Whore*,
Thro' ſome bye Alley, or Back-door,
With the ſame caution *Orthodox*,
Conſults the *Stars*, and gets a *Pox*.

The CITIZEN, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no Deity but Gold,
Worn out, and gaſping now for breath,
A Med'cine wants to keep off Death;
Would know, if THAT he cannot have,
What Coins are current in the grave;
If, when the Stocks (which by *his* pow'r,
Would riſe or fall in half an hour,
For, tho' unthought of and unſeen,
He work'd the ſprings behind the ſcreen)
By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *Par*, he ſhould ſell out;

Whether

Whether he ſafely might or no,
Replace it in the Funds *below.*

By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the MAGIC throne.
Favour'd be ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of Novelty and Faſhion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Luſt, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the prudent Laws thought fit,
To curb this inſolence of Wit;
When Senates wiſely had Provided,
Decreed, Enacted, and Decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves,
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When Fines and penalties were laid
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And Stars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,
And Wizards (which muſt be confeſt,
Was of more force than all the reſt)

No certain way to tell had got,
Which were Informers, and which not;
Affrighted SAGES were perforce,
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other courſe.
By various ways, theſe *Sons of Chance*
Their Fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
KNAVES ſtarve not in the *Land of Fools*,

Some, with high Titles and Degrees,
Which wiſe Men borrow when they pleaſe,
Without or trouble or expence,
PHYSICIANS inſtantly commence,
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right* to *kill*.

Others about the Countries roam,
(For not ONE thought of going *home*);
With piſtol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some, the more ſubtle of their race,
(Who felt ſome touch of *Coward* Grace,

Who TYBURN to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *Brother* SMOLLET's aid,
And carried on the CRITIC trade.

Attach'd to Letters and the Muſe,
Some Verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote News.
Thoſe, each revolving Month, are ſeen,
The Heroes of a *Magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear
In LEDGER, or in GAZETTEER;
Spreading the falſhood of the day,
By turns for FADEN and for SAY;
Like SWISS, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty PRODIGIES ariſe,
And daily MONSTERS ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever BAKER made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And Fools believe, whilſt Liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age;

Now

Now Comets thro' the Æther range,
In Governments portending change;
Now rivers to the Ocean fly,
So quick, they leave their channels dry;
Now monſtrous Whales, on LAMBETH ſhore,
Drink the THAMES dry, and thirſt for more;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An IRISH Savage, numb'ring years
More than thoſe happy Sages cou'd,
Who drew their breath before the flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *Church* is left without a *Steeple*;
A *Steeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *Church*,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on Cattle to diſcharge,
Hailſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on EGYPT ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment,
Or thoſe which, as the Prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of AMORITES,
When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *Sun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,

And, from her duty longer kept,
In AJALON his *Sifter* ſlept.

But if ſuch things no more engage
The Taſte of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another TOFTS muſt *Rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant Female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By FANCY turn'd into a *Doe.*

Now, to promote their private ends,
NATURE her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the World began.
Bodies, (which fooliſhly we thought,
By Cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)
With craving appetites, and ſenſe
Of Hunger eaſily diſpenſe,

And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The Novel takes, the Tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs,
And BETTY CANNING is at leaſt,
With GASCOYNE's help, a ſix months feaſt.

Whilſt, in contempt of all our pains,
The Tyrant SUPERSTITION reigns
Imperious in the heart of Man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilſt fond CREDULITY, who ne'er
The weight of wholeſome doubts could bear,
To Reaſon and Herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt CURIOSITY, whoſe rage
No Mercy ſhews to Sex or Age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Senſe*;
Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old Mirales* grow ſtale,

JUGGLERS will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the World with *New*.

For THEM, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty ſkill,
Sad SPIRITS, ſummon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghaſtly thro' the gloom,
In all the uſual Pomp of ſtorms,
In horrid cuſtomary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horſe, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them ſhape,
Tormented with deſpair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
FOLLY and GUILT (for GUILT, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is ſtill a Coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms ſtart.
The PRIEST, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wiſe,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unleſs eſcorted by his CLERK.

But let not ev'ry Bungler deem
Too lightly of ſo deep a ſcheme.

For reputation of the *Art*,
Each GHOST muſt act a proper part,
Obſerve *Decorum's* needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Muſt change, with happy variation,
His manners with his ſituation.
What in the Country might paſs down,
Would be impertinent in Town.
No SPIRIT of *diſcretion* HERE
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill ſerve the purpoſe more by half
To make the Congregation laugh.
We want no enſigns of ſurprize,
Locks ſtiff with gore, and ſawcer eyes,
Give *us* an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, Familiar, and Polite,
One who appears in ſuch a form,
As might an holy Hermit warm,
Or who on former ſchemes refines,
And only talks by ſounds and ſigns,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her viſits to the ear,
And knocks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
A Lady in the darkeſt Night.

Such

Such is *Our* FANNY, whoſe good will,
Which cannot in the Grave lie ſtill,
Brings her on Earth to entertain
Her friends and Lovers in COCK-LANE.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

GHOST.

BOOK II.

A Sacred ſtandard Rule we find
By Poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's ſhrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.

This Cuſtom, thro' a *Bigot* zeal,
Which Moderns of *fine Taſte* muſt feel
For thoſe who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted ſtands, like many more,
Tho' ev'ry Cauſe, which then conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,

Yielding

Yielding to Time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.

With *antient* Bards, an INVOCATION
Was a true act of Adoration,
Of Worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of Art,
Of paultry reading a Parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious Fever taught to burn,
An hour or two, to ſerve a turn.

They talk'd not of CASTALIAN SPRINGS,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our flimſy Rhimes;
'Twas the RELIGION of the *Times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made FANCY teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific,
To make the barren brain prolific.
Thus ROMISH CHURCH (a ſcheme which bears
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)
Since FAITH *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The PAGAN SYSTEM, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *Buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear
In one great Whole, their proper ſhare.
Each GOD of *eminent* degree,
To ſome vaſt *Beam* compar'd might be;
Each GODLING was a *Peg*, or rather
A *Cramp*, to keep the *Beams* together;
And Man as ſafely might pretend
From JOVE the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob APOLLO of his *Lyre*.

With ſettled faith and pious awe,
Eſtabliſh'd by the voice of Law,
Then POETS to the MUSES came,
And from their Altars caught the flame.
GENIUS, with PHOEBUS for His guide,
The MUSE aſcending by his ſide,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to ſoar,
Where *Eye* could ſcarcely ſtrain before.

But why ſhould WE, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,

That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
NATURE in *Exſtacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* Religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At CLIO's as at FISHER's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That THAMES has waters clear as thoſe
Which on the top of PINDUS roſe,
And that the FANCY to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as Wine;
Who know, if Profit ſtrikes our eye,
Should we drink HELICON quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So ſoon as one poor jug from TWEED;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The Pow'r of *Beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the GRECIANS ever knew;
If *Wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a LENOX of our own;

Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chuſe,
And court an *antiquated Muſe?*
No matter why—to aſk a *Reaſon*
In PEDANT BIGOTRY is Treaſon.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode,*
No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without APOLLO by his ſide,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *Lady Muſe* be there.
SHE, from ſome *Amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves aud Graces rove,
The Laurel to *my Lord* muſt bear,
Or Garlands make for *Whores* to wear;
SHE, with ſoft *Elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty Villain's* herſe,
Or for ſome *Infant*, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large eſtate,
With Rimes the Cradle muſt adorn,
To tell the World a *Fool* is born.

Since then our CRITIC LORDS expect
No hardy Poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd

Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By Nature fearful, I ſubmit,
And in this dearth of Senſe and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive FANCY led,
Into a ſecond Book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *Traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn
Deluded from his purpos'd way;
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,
And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome GODDESS to deſcend
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conſcious ARROW all the while,
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* MY *Muſe* beholds.

TRUTH, GODDESS of celeſtial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking-horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, FALSHOOD's throne,
As Rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of Laws,
And *pious* Traitors draw the knife
In the KING's *Name* againſt his *life*,
Whether (from *Cities* far away,
Where *Fraud* and *Falſhood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful Nymph's and Shepherd's pride,
With LOVE and VIRTUE by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the Children of CONTENT;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of ENGLAND's COURT,
Howe'er my LORD my frowning go,
And treat the *Stranger* as a *Foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In GEORGE's and in CHARLOTTE's breaſt;

If,

If, in the giddy hours of Youth,
My conſtant Soul adher'd to TRUTH;
If, from the Time I firſt wrote Man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by Intereſt in vain
To wear mean Falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lye;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
ETERNAL TRUTH, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *Him*, who ev'ry hour
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lively* DEAN,
Nor yet aſſume that Strumpet air,
Which RABELLAIS taught Thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with CERVANTES gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!

Far from thy ſeemly Matron train
Be Idiot MIRTH, and LAUGHTER vain!
For WIT and HUMOUR, which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with STERNE.

Of Nobleſt *City Parents* born,
Whom Wealth and Dignities adorn,
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep,
With THEE, let formal DULNESS come,
And deep ATTENTION, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe down-caſt Eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without Viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let GRAVITY attend,
Wiſdom's and *Truth*'s unerring friend.

For *One* may ſee with half an eye,
That GRAVITY can never lye;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *Wiſe*.

Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where Sloth and Luſt enervate Youth,
Come *Thou*, a down-right *City* TRUTH;
The CITY, which we ever find
A ſober pattern for Mankind,
Where *Man* in EQUILIBRIO hung,
Is ſeldom Old, and never Young,
And from the Cradle to the Grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's ſlave;
As *Dancers* on the *Wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the Earth and Sky.

She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple-Bar*:
All ſage and ſilent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may ſuit a *Parſon*'s wear,
And fit the Head-piece of a *Mayor*.

By

By TRUTH inſpir'd, *our* BACON's force
Open'd the way to Learning's ſource;
BOYLE thro' the works of NATURE ran;
And NEWTON, ſomething more than Man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden ſprings,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our ſpirits bore,
And gave us Worlds unknown before.
By TRUTH inſpir'd when *Lauder*'s ſpight
O'er MILTON caſt the Veil of Night,
DOUGLAS aroſe, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the ſubtle Traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilſt HE (O ſhame to nobleſt parts,
Diſhonour to the Lib'ral Arts,
To traffic in ſo vile a ſcheme!)
Whilſt HE, *our Letter'd* POLYPHEME,
Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a baſe Coward, ſkulk'd behind.
By TRUTH inſpir'd, our *Critics* go
To track FINGAL in *Highland* ſnow,
To form their own and others *Creed*
From *Manuſcripts* they cannot read.

By

By TRUTH inſpir'd, we numbers ſee
Of each Profeſſion and Degree,
Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit;
When PUNCH and SHERIDAN have done,
To FANNY's *Ghoſtly Lectures* run;
By TRUTH and FANNY now inſpir'd,
I feel my glowing boſom fir'd;
Deſire beats high in ev'ry vein
To ſing the SPIRIT of COCK-LANE;
To tell (juſt as the meaſure flows
In halting rhime, half verſe, half proſe)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *She* united force withſtood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *Wit* and *Dulneſs* in Alliance.

This *APPARITION* (with relation
To antient modes of *Derivation*,
This we may properly ſo call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As, by the way of *Inuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)

Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly diſdains that ſervile road,
Which Coward Ghoſts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thouſand years,
And for reſtraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own.*

Others, may meanly ſtart away,
Aw'd by the Herald of the Day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freſhneſs of the Morning air,
May vaniſh with the melting gloom,
And glide in ſilence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's moſt piercing light,
And knocks by Day as well as Night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their viſits pay to *one* or *two*;
She, great in Reputation grown,
Keeps the beſt Company in Town.
Our active enterpriſing Ghoſt,
As large and ſplendid Routs can boaſt
As thoſe, which rais'd by PRIDE's command,
Block up the paſſage thro' the *Strand.*

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who ſerv'd their time on the *Parade*;
She Saints, who true to pleaſures plan,
Talk about God, and luſt for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghoſt,
And Fools, who worſhip ev'ry poſt;
Cowards, whoſe lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the ſame cauſe cry;
The canting Tabernacle Brother,
(For one Rogue ſtill ſuſpects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *Huſbands* lie;
Lords, who as chaſtly paſs their lives
With *other* Women as their *Wives*;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths,
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons, Beaux,
And, truant from their deſks and ſhops,
Spruce Temple Clerks, and 'Prentice Fops,
To FANNY come, with the ſame view,
To find her falſe, or find her true.

Hark!

Hark! ſomething creeps about the houſe!
Is IT a *Spirit*, or a *Mouſe*?
HARK! ſomething *ſcratches* round the room!
A *Cat*, a *Rat*, a *ſtubb'd Birch-broom.*
HARK! on the wainſcote now IT *knocks!*
If Thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, cried ORTHODOX,
With that affected *ſolemn* air
Which HYPOCRITES delight to wear,
And all thoſe *forms* of CONSEQUENCE
Which FOOLS adopt inſtead of *Senſe*,
If thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, who from the tomb
Stalk'ſt ſadly *ſilent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of NATURE's ſtated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cauſe,
Give *now* NINE knocks; like PRIESTS of old,
NINE *we* a *ſacred Number* hold.

'Pſha, cried PROFOUND, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* Arts,
Who to their hidden ſprings had trac'd
The force of NUMBERS, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the NUMBER, you are right,
As to the *form* miſtaken quite.

What's

What's NINE?—Your ADEPTS all agree,
The VIRTUE lies in *Three times Three.*

He ſaid, no need to ſay it twice,
For THRICE She *knock'd*, and THRICE, and THRICE.

The Crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In ſilence at each other gaz'd.
From CÆLIA's hand the Snuff-box fell,
TINSEL, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He ſtoops, but cannot riſe again.
Immane POMPOSO was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word:
Fear ſeizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And PLAUSIBLE his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as People juſt awake,
Into wild diſſonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring Geeſe
Slow ſailing on the Summer breeze;

Such is the language DISCORD ſpeaks
In *Welch women* o'er beds of *Leeks*;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in Potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
FEAR and CONFUSION ſound retreat,
REASON and ORDER take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.
For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of Mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From HOBBES e'en down to BOLINGBROKE,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.

TRIFLE, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
Who to be ſilent always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide or both,

Who, led away by love of Fame,
If any new Idea came,
What'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For ORATORS *profeſt*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhew'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours,
With chat on Butterflies and Flow'rs;
Could talk of Powder, Patches, paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a Saint;
Could prove a *Sibil* brighter far,
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,
And Females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their Fan;
TRIFLE, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtroak'd his chin, and thus began.

With *Sheers*, or *Sciſſars*, *Sword*, or *Knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For, if we to the Grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *Body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dung-hill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead;
With Pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The Soul is ſent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, or ſuffer pains.

The VIRTUOUS to thoſe manſions go,
Where Pleaſures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
VIGOUR and YOUTH *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt ZEPHYR, with *harmonious* gales,
PIPES ſofteſt *Muſic* thro' the vales,
And SPRING and FLORA, gaily crown'd,
With *Velvet Carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *livelier bluſh* where Roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*,
Where *chryſtal* ſtreams *mæandring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*,

Where

Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And LIGHT thro' *purer æther* ſtreams.

Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The Sons of Wickedneſs await.
JUSTICE (not that *old Hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *Mercy* riſe
For Crimes, *by which men loſe their eyes*;
Nor HER who, with an equal hand,
Weighs *Tea* and *Sugar* in the STRAND.
Nor HER, who by the World deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the Widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving Orphan's tears,
On *Pawns* her baſe *Tribunal* rears;
But HER, who after Death preſides,
Whom ſacred TRUTH unerring guides,
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks, nor raiſes *Evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *Bribe*, and keeps no *Clerk*;
JUSTICE with equal ſcale below,
In due proportion weighs out woe,

And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.

OLD MAIDS and RAKES are join'd together,
Coquettes and *Prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *Chum* with *Common Senſe*,
And *Luſt* is yok'd to *Impotence*.
PROFESSORS (*Juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *Lectures* read;
On Earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parſons muſt practiſe what they teach,
And *B—ps* are compell'd to preach.

She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt Brandy on the Shore of STYX.

AVARO

AVARO, by long uſe grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his REDEEMER would pull down,
And ſell his GOD for Half a Crown,
Who, if ſome Block-head ſhould be willing
To lend him on his Soul a Shilling,
A well-made bargain would eſteem it,
And have more ſenſe than to redeem it,
JUSTICE ſhall in thoſe ſhades confine,
To drudge for PLUTUS in the Mine,
All the Day long to toil and roar,
And curſing work the ſtubborn ore,
For Coxcombs *here* who have no brains,
Without a Sixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of Night,
COMPELL'D the *tall*, *thin*, half-ſtarv'd SPRITE,
Shall earth re-viſit, and ſurvey
The place where once his treaſure lay,
Shall view the *ſtall*, where *holy* PRIDE,
With *letter'd* IGNORANCE allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Deſcended to another Lord.
Then ſhall *He* ſcreaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and ſcowl deſpair;

Then

Then ſhall *He* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, ſink to Hell for eaſe.

Thoſe, who on Earth thro' life have paſt
With equal pace from firſt to laſt,
Nor vex'd with paſſions, nor with ſpleen,
Inſipid, eaſy, and ſerene,
Whoſe heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of buſineſs, or of care,
Who without *Merit*, without *Crime*,
Contriv'd to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild JUSTICE, with a ſmile, permits
Still to purſue their darling plan,
And find amuſement how they can.

The BEAU, in gaudieſt plumage dreſt
With lucky Fancy, o'er the reſt
Of AIR a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his Brother BEAUX;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No ſign of rain or tempeſt near,
Encourag'd by the cloudleſs day,
Like *gilded Butterflies* at play,

So

So lively All, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
In air They *flutter*, *float*, and *friſk*.

The BELLE (what mortal doth not know,
BELLES after death admire a BEAU?
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilſt they live,
A heart is *all* which BEAUX can give.

In ſome ſtill ſolemn ſacred ſhade,
Behold a group of AUTHORS laid,
News-paper WITS, and SONNETEERS,
Gentlemen BARDS, and *Rhiming* PEERS,
BIOGRAPHERS, whoſe wond'rous worth
Is ſcarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom FIELDING's *humour* led aſtray,
And *plaintive* FOPS, debauch'd by GRAY,
All ſit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and ſing.

On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,

(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing Lords* and *laureat Fools*,
And which for ever muſt ſucceed
With *other Lords* who cannot *read*,
However deſtitute of wit,
To make their works for Book-case fit)
Acknowledg'd Maſter of thoſe ſeats,
Cibber his *Birth-Day Odes* repeats.

With Triumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
With Triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrivall'd Vigils proudly keep,
Whilſt ev'ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;
But know, *Illuſtrious* Bard, when *Fate*,
Which ſtill purſues thy name with hate,
The *Regal Laurel* blaſts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low muſt deſcend thy Pride and Fame,
And Cibber's be the ſecond Name.

Here Trifle cough'd (for *Coughing* ſtill
Bears witneſs to the *Speaker*'s ſkill,
A neceſſary piece of art,
Of *Rhet'ric* an eſſential part,

And *Adepts* in the Speaking trade
Keep a *Cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
When at a loſs for *words* or *ſenſe*.
Here TRIFLE cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He ſtrove to recollect his *ſmile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
CREDULITY, the Child of FOLLY,
Begot on *Cloyſter'd* MELANCHOLLY,
Who heard, with grief, the florid Fool
Turn ſacred things to ridicule,
And ſaw him, led by WHIM away,
Still farther from the ſubject ſtray,
Juſt in the happy nick, aloud,
In ſhape of M—E, addreſs'd the Crowd.

Were we with Patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till TRIFLE his harrangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* Night we might attend,
Whilſt He, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,

(Here

(Here TRIFLE, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a Frown,
But Nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a Grin)
And when, in FANCY's Chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error ſtill and doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *Soldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with Grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to ſet them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That PROVIDENCE, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* SPIRIT ſends!
Tho' ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *Faith* was on your Features hung,
Your *Faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*.
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of diſpute,

POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and I,
With FANNY, have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme. This night,
To fix, or to deſtroy HER quite.
If it be *True*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere Morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of Death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies feſt'ring, whilſt her troubled *Sprite*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *We* deſcend, and bring from thence
Proofs of ſuch force to Common Senſe,
Vain *Triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And ATHEISTS tremble, and believe.

He ſaid, and ceas'd; the Chamber rung
With due applauſe from ev'ry tongue.
The mingled ſound (now let me ſee,
Something by way of *Simile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian Cranes*,
Or *Winds*, *low murm'ring*, *when it rains*,

Or *drowſy hum of cluſt'ring Bees*,
Or the *hoarſe roar of angry Seas?*
Or (ſtill to heighten and explain,
For elſe our *Simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it, like *all four*,
A *Scream*, a *Murmur*, *Hum*, and *Roar?*

Let FANCY now in awful ſtate
Preſent this *great* TRIUMVIRATE,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* caſes by mankind)
Elected, with a joint conſent,
All *Fools* in Town to *repreſent*.

The Clock ſtrikes Twelve—M—E ſtarts and ſwears,
In *Oaths* we know, as well as *Pray'rs*,
RELIGION lies, and a *Church* Brother
May uſe at will or one or t'other;
PLAUSIBLE, from his Caſſock, drew
A holy Manual, ſeeming new;
A Book it was of *private Pray'rs*,
But not a pin the worſe for wear,
For, as we by the bye may ſay,
None but *ſmall* Saints in private pray.

RELIGION, faireſt Maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bleſt union, when in heaven
PLEASURE was Bride to VIRTUE given;
RELIGION, ever pleas'd to pray,
Poſſeſs'd the precious gift one day;
HYPOCRISY, of CUNNING born,
Crept in and ſtole it ere the morn.
WH—TF—D, that greateſt of all Saints,
Who always prays, and never faints,
Whom SHE to her *own Brothers* bore,
RAPINE and LUST, on SEVERN's ſhore,
Receiv'd it from the *ſquinting* Dame;
From *Him* to PLAUSIBLE it came,
Who, with unuſual care opreſt,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breaſt.
Doubts in his boding heart ariſe,
And fancied Spectres blaſt his eyes.
DEVOTION ſprings from abject *fear*,
And ſtamps his Pray'rs for *once* ſincere.

POMPOSO (inſolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *ſcribbling* crowd,

Whoſe

Whoſe very name inſpires an awe,
Whoſe ev'ry word is Senſe and Law,
For what his Greatneſs hath decreed,
Like Laws of PERSIA and of MEDE,
Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
Muſt never of Repeal admit;
Who, curſing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning flatt'ring fool;
Who Wit with jealous eye ſurveys,
And ſickens at another's praiſe;
Who, proudly ſeiz'd of *Learning*'s throne,
Now damns all Learning but his own;
Who ſcorns thoſe common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning Convincing, and *Perſuading*,
But makes each Sentence current paſs
With *Puppy*, *Coxcomb*, *Scoundrel*, *Aſs*;
For 'tis with *him* a certain rule,
The Folly's prov'd, when he calls Fool;
Who to increaſe his native ſtrength,
Draws words, ſix ſyllables in length,
With which, aſſiſted with a frown
By way of Club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the Vulgar dares to riſe,
And ſenſe of *Decency* defies,

For

For this ſame *Decency* is made
Only for Bunglers in the trade;
And, like the *Cobweb Laws*, is ſtill
Broke thro' by *Great ones* when they will.—
Pomposo, with *ſtrong ſenſe* ſupplied,
Supported, and confirm'd by *Pride*,
His Comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grin'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile:
Features ſo horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himſelf to flight.

Such were the *Three* in Name and Worth,
Whom Zeal and Judgment ſingled forth
To try the *Sprite* on Reason's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.

Dark was the Night; it was that Hour,
When Terror reigns in fulleſt Pow'r,
When, as the Learn'd of old have ſaid,
The yawning Grave gives up her dead,
When Murder, Rapine by her ſide,
Stalks o'er the earth with *Giant* ſtride;
Our Quixotes (for that *Knight* of old
Was not in Truth by half ſo *bold*,

Tho' REASON at the ſame time cries
Our QUIXOTES are not half ſo *wiſe*,
Since they, with other follies, boaſt
An Expedition 'gainſt a *Ghoſt*)
Thro' the dull deep ſurrounding gloom,
In cloſe array, tow'rds FANNY's tomb
Adventur'd forth—CAUTION before,
With heedful ſtep, the *lanthorn* bore,
Pointing at Graves; and in the Rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went FEAR.
The Church-yard teem'd—th' unſettled ground,
As in an Ague, ſhock around;
While in ſome *dreary vault* confin'd,
Or riding on the *hollow Wind*,
HORROR, which turns the heart to ſtone,
In dreadful ſounds was heard to groan.
All ſtaring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.

A VAULT *it* was, long time applied
To hold the laſt remains of *Pride*:
No *Beggar* there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;

To reſt in *Pomp* as well as *Eaſe*
The only way's to pay the *Fees*.
FOOLS, ROGUES, and WHORES, if *Rich* and *Great*,
Proud e'en in death, HERE *rot* in *State*.
No Thieves diſrobe the *well-dreſt* Dead,
No Plumbers ſteal the *ſacred* lead,
Quiet and ſafe the Bodies lie,
No SEXTONS *ſell*, no SURGEONS *buy*.

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And *Thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by *Prudence* to unite,
And ſtraining with collected might,
The ſtubborn wards reſiſt no more,
But open flies the *growling* door.

Three paces back They fell amaz'd,
Like *Statues* ſtood, like *Madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forſakes the face,
And ſeeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright ſtand the briſtled hairs;
The head in wild diſtraction ſwims;
Cold ſweats bedew the trembling limbs;

NATURE, whilſt Fears her boſom chill,
Suſpends her Pow'rs, and LIFE ſtands ſtill.

Thus had they ſtood till *now*, but SHAME
(An uſeful, tho' neglected Dame,
By Heav'n deſign'd the Friend of Man,
Tho' we degrade Her all we can,
And ſtrive, as our firſt proof of Wit,
Her Name and Nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *Fears* ſubſide,
And baffled, leave the field to PRIDE.

Shall THEY, (forbid it *Fame*) ſhall THEY
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall They, the *Idols* of the Town,
To *Bugbears Fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall they, who greateſt zeal expreſt,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whoſe matchleſs Courage all admire,
Inglorious from the taſk retire?
How would the *Wicked Ones* rejoice,
And *Infidels* exalt their voice,

If

If M—E and PLAUSIBLE were found,
By *ſhadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *Fools* laugh, ſhould It appear
POMPOSO was the ſlave of Fear?
" Periſh the thought! tho' to our eyes
" In all its terrors *Hell* ſhould riſe,
" Tho' thouſand Ghoſts, in dread array,
" With glaring eye-balls, croſs our way,
" Tho' CAUTION trembling ſtands aloof,
" Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They ſaid, and without farther halt,
Dauntleſs march'd onward to the VAULT.

What mortal men, whoe'er drew breath,
Shall break into the Houſe of DEATH,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The Myſt'ries of that State diſpenſe,
Unleſs they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker ſenſe ſuch ſights to bear,
And gain permiſſion from the *State*,
On Earth their journal to relate?
POETS themſelves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *Rhime*,

But always, on ſuch grand occaſion,
Prepare a *ſolemn Invocation*,
A *Poſy* for grim PLUTO weave,
And in ſmooth numbers aſk his leave.
But why this Caution? why prepare
Rites, needleſs now? for *thrice* in air
The SPIRIT of the NIGHT hath *ſneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clap'd his wings well-pleas'd.

DESCEND then TRUTH, and guard my ſide,
My *Muſe*, my *Patroneſs*, and *Guide!*
Let Others at Invention aim,
And ſeek by falſities for fame;
Our Story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *Furbeloes* in Rhime:
Relate plain Facts; be brief and bold;
And let the POETS, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilſt our artleſs tale we tell,
In vain to find a PARALLEL:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.